

*The History of*

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:  
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,  
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Dow.* That's the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.

*Wor.* I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.

*Hot.* What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thouſand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,  
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.

Come, let us muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.

*Dow.* Talke not of dying: I am out of feare  
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falſtaffe and Bardol.*

*Fal.* *Bardol*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of  
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Wee'l to *Suttonco-*  
*hill* to night.

*Bar.* Will you give me money, Captaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an Angell.

*Fal.* And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it maketwenty,  
take them all, I'll answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*  
meet me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will, Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I  
have miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I have got in exchange  
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but  
good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted  
Batchelers, ſuch as had been aſkt twice on the Banes, ſuch a co-  
modity of warme ſlaves, as had as lief heare the Divell as a  
Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliver, worſe then a  
ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I preſt me none but ſuch  
Toſts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins  
heads, and they have brought out their ſervices: and now, my  
whole

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whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,  
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the  
painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and  
ſuch as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt Ser-  
vingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, revolted Tapſters  
and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long  
peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old ſac'd An-  
cient: and ſuch have I to fill up the roomes of them as have  
bought out their ſervices, that you would think, that I had a  
hundred and fifty tottered Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-  
keeping, from eating draſſe and huskes. A mad fellow met me  
on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and  
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch Skar-crowes.  
I'll not march thorow *Coventry* with them, that's flat, nay; and  
the villains march wide between the legs, as if they had Gyves  
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon: there's not  
a Shirt & a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two  
Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the ſhoulders like  
a Herald's coate without ſleeves; and the Shirt, to ſay the truth,  
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S. Albans*, or the red-nose *In-keeper*  
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'll finde Linnen enough on  
every Hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.*

*Prin.* How now blowne *Iacke*? how now *Quilt*?

*Fal.* What *Hal*? How now mad-wag, what a divell doſt thou  
in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I  
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbury*.

*West.* Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more then time, that I were there,  
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can  
tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to ſteal Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are  
theſe that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, *Hal*, mine.

*Prin.* I did never ſee ſuch pitifull rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut good enough, to roſe, food for powder, food